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Bell's Edition. 27

H E N R Y VI.

P A R T II.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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M DCC LXXXVI.

THE

27

NEW YORK

PART II.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by

JOHN J. JOHNSON and GEO. STEPHENS

And revised from the last Edition.

THE

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and

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OBSERVATIONS
ON THE Fable AND Composition OF THE
SECOND PART OF
H E N R Y VI.

THIS and *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster : and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign ; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Alban's, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign : so that it comprises the history and transactions of ten years.

THEOBALD.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King HENRY the Sixth.

HUMPHREY, *Duke of GLOSTER, Uncle to the King.*

Cardinal BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester.*

Duke of YORK, *pretending to the Crown.*

Duke of BUCKINGHAM, }

Duke of SOMERSET, } *of the King's Party.*

Duke of SUFFOLK, }

Earl of SALISBURY, } *of the York Faction.*

Earl of WARWICK, }

Lord CLIFFORD, *of the King's Party.*

Lord SAY.

Lord SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*

Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

Young STAFFORD, *his Brother.*

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

Young CLIFFORD, *Son to Lord Clifford.*

EDWARD PLANTAGENET, }

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, } *Sons to the Duke of York.*

VAUX, *a Sea Captain, and* WALTER WHITMORE, *Pirates.*

A Herald. HUME and SOUTHWEL, *two Priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *an Astrologer.*

A Spirit, attending on JORDAN *the Witch.*

THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.* PETER, *his Man.*

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*

JACK CADE, BEVIS, MICHAEL, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK
the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and several others,
Rebels.

WOMEN.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry VI.*

Dame ELEANOR, *Wife to the Duke of Gloster.*

Mother JORDAN, *a Witch.*

Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.



SECOND PART OF
HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace. Flourish of Trumpets : then Hautboys. Enter King HENRY, Duke HUMPHREY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and BEAUFORT, on the one Side ; the Queen, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other.

Suffolk.

As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace ;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alen-
çon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :
And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hand, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent ;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret :

I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness ! 20
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord ;

The mutual conference that my mind hath had—
By day, by night ; waking, and in my dreams ;
In courtly company, or at my beads—
With you mine alder-lievest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms ; such as my wit affords, 30
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish : but her grace in speech,

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys ;
Such

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace, 40
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. reads.] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter to Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.* 49

Item, That the dutchies of Anjou and of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her fa——

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. *Item, It is further agreed between them—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.* 61

K. Henry. They please us well.—Lord marquess,
kneel down;

We

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
'Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buck-
ingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done, 70
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat, 80
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Study'd so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro 90

How

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
Or hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes;
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown; 100
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style 110
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds, 120
Deliver'd

Deliver'd up again with peaceful words ?
Mort Dieu !

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle !
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives :
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages. 130

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her !
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

Car. My lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot ;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you. 140
Rancour will out : Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury : if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Farewel, my lords ; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy :
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all ;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords—he is the next of blood, 150
And

And heir apparent to the English crown ;
 Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts ; be wise, and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,
 Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster ;*
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
Jesu maintain your royal excellence! 160

With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself?—
 Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
 And all together—with the duke of Suffolk—
 We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay ;
 I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
 pride, 171

And greatness of his place be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal ;
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the princes in the land beside ;
 If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
 Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt BUCK. and SOM.*

Sal.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
 While these do labour for their own preferment, 180
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
 I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
 Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
 More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
 As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all—
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
 Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
 Warwick my son, the comfort of my age ! 189
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
 Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
 Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
 And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
 In bringing them to civil discipline ;
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the peo-
 ple :—

Join we together, for the public good ;
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, 200
 With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;
 And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 And common profit of his country !

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

[*Aside.*

Sal.

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! Oh father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last: 210
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exit WAR. and SAL.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own. 220
Pirates may make cheap pennyworth of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold. 230
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ire-
land,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !
Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France.
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own ;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts, 239
And make a shew of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, 'till time do serve :
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state ;
'Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, 250
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars :
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Duke of GLOSTER's House. Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and his Wife ELEANOR.

Elean. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load? 260

Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?

Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?

If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.

Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—

What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:

And, having both together heav'd it up, 271

We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;

And never more abase our sight so low

As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:

And may that thought, when I imagine ill

Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,

Be my last breathing in this mortal world! 279

My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

B ij

Elean.

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,

Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,

But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;

And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,

And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.

This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument, 290

That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,

Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:

Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,

In the cathedral church of Westminster,

And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,

And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor! 300

Art thou not second woman in the realm;

And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?

Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,

From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away

Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream? 310
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us.

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exit GLOSTER.*

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind. 320
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not,
man,
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Elean. My majesty! why, man, I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's ad-
vice, 330

Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised—to shew your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from St. Alban's we do make return, 341
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit ELEANOR.]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the dutchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil. 350

Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the dutchess,

And

And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
 Yet am I Suffolk's and the cardinal's broker.
 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near 360
 To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
 Hume's knavery will be the dutchess' wreck;
 And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace. Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the Armourer's Man, being one.

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him! 370

Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. For my lord protector ! are your supplications to his lordship ? Let me see them : What is thine ? 380

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too ? that is some wrong, indeed. What's your's ? what's here ? [*reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave ?

2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township. 389

Peter. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou ? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown ?

Peter. That my mistress was ? No, forsooth : my master said, That he was ; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there ?—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently :—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. 400

[*Exit PETER, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the Petitions.*]

Away, base cullions !—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
 Is this the fashion in the court of England?
 Is this the government of Britain's isle,
 And this the royalty of Albion's king?
 What! shall king Henry be a pupil still, 410
 Under the surly Gloster's governance?
 Am I a queen in title and in style,
 And must be made a subject to a duke?
 I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
 Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
 And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
 I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,
 In courage, courtship, and proportion:
 But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads: 420
 His champions are—the prophets, and apostles;
 His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
 I would, the college of the cardinals
 Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
 And set the triple crown upon his head;
 That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
 Your highness came to England; so will I 430
 In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we
 Beaufort,
 The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
 And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But

But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife. 440
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands, 450
'Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords, 459
'Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York—this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Without discharge, money, or furniture,
'Till France be won into the dauphin's hands.

Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,

'Till Paris was besieg'd famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness ; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick !

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my
peace ? 540

*Enter HORNER the Armourer, and his Man PETER,
guarded.*

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason :
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself !

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell me :
What are these ?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason :
His words were these ;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown ;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Henry. Say, man, were these thy words ? 550

Arm. An't shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter : God is my witness, I
am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Peter. By these ten bones, my lords [*holding up
his Hands*], he did speak them to me in the garret
one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's
armour.

York.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake :
False fiend, avoid !

[*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*]

*Enter the Duke of YORK, and the Duke of BUCKING-
HAM, with their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their
trash.—

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.— 630

What, madam, are you there? the king and com-
mon-weal

Are deep indebted for this piece of pains ;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke ; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you
this? [*Shewing her the Papers.*]

Away with them ; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder :—You, madam, shall with us :—
Stafford, take her to thee.— 640

We'll see your trinkets here forth-coming all ;
Away! [*Exeunt Guards with JOURD. SOUTH. &c.*]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd
her well :

A pretty plot, well chose to build upon !

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here? [*Reads.*]

*The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose ;
But him out live, and die a violent death.*

Why,

ACT II. SCENE I.

At St. Alban's. Enter King HENRY, Queen, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hallowing.

Queen Margaret.

BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw no better sport these seven years' day :
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high ;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my lord, your falcon
made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest !—
To see how God in all his creatures works !
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well ; 10
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much ; he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal ; How think you by
that ?

Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven ?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy !

Car. Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and
thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart ; 20

Pernicious

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day ; I thank God,
and saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so ? What colour is this cloak
of ?

Simp. Red, master ; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said : what colour is my
gown of ?

Simp. Black, forsooth ; coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why, then, thou know'st what colour
jet is of ?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see. 120

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a
many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name ?

Simp. Alas, master I know not.

Glo. What's his name ?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his ?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name ?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you,
master. 130

Glo. Then Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as
thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours ; but suddenly

To nominate them all, it is impossible.—

My lord, saint Alban here hath done a miracle ;
Would you not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again ?

Simp. O, master, that you could ! 140

Glo. My masters of saint Alban's,
Have you not beadles in your town, and things
Call'd whips ?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now,
sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping,
leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone ;
You go about to torture me in vain. 151

Enter a Beadle, with Whips.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that same
stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah ; off with
your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do ? I am not able
to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over
the Stool, and runs away ; and the People follow
and cry, A Miracle !*]

K. Henry. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so
long ?

Queen.

Queen. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave ; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need. 162

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town
Until they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle, with the Woman, &c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True ; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I ;
You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin Buck-
ingham ?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent— 171
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ring-leader and head of all this rout—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers :
Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council, 180
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forth-coming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge ;

D i j 'Tis

SCENE II.

*The Duke of York's Garden. Enter YORK, SALIS-
BURY, and WARWICK.*

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and War-
wick, 210

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin : and if thy claim be
good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus :—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons :
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of
Wales ; 220

The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence ; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster :
The fifth, was Edmund Langley, duke of York ;
The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of
Gloster ;

William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, dy'd before his father ;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd king ;
'Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster, 230

As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! 330

[Exit GLOSTER.]

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
queen;

And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught—There let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat; 340
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely there-
fore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. O' God's name, see the lists and all things
fit;

Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords. 350

Enter

Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York—I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart. 384

York. Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and PETER strikes him down.*]

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way. 390

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?

O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood ;
 As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege. 260
 And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him :
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
 Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead ; for that is good deceit
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done ;
 For things are often spoke, and seldom meant :
 But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue—
 Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe—
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of
 Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest :
 Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
 And I'll provide his executioner,
 I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I : and now we three have spoke it,
 It skills not greatly who impugns our doom. 281

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
 To signify—that rebels there are up,

F i j

And

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And, what we do establish, he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.

But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off ; the day is almost spent :—
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York. 330

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution :
Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
Resign to death ; it is not worth the enjoying :
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart :

Second M. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

First M. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

First M. Ay, my good lord, he's dead. 390

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand:—

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,

According as I gave directions?

First M. Yes, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone! [Exeunt Murderers.

Enter King HENRY, the Queen, Cardinal, SOMERSET, with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published. 400

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

K. Henry. Lords, take your places;—And, I pray
you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid, any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

Pray

Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Henry. I thank thee: Well, these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou? 410

Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—Oh, Henry, open thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heavenly God! 420

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord!

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Henry. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can

And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry :
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege :—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, 'till I return.

[WARWICK goes in.

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts ;

520

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life !
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God ;
For judgment only doth belong to thee !
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears ;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :
But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;
And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

530

[A Bed, with GLOSTER's Body, put forth.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made :

For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace ;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid 540
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue !
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow ?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face !
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart ;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again. 551

But, see, his face is black, and full of blood ;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man :
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with strug-
gling ;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking ;
His well proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd. 560
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here ;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf.

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times. 590

War. Madam, be still ; with reverence may I
say it ;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to you royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour !
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee, 601
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, faulse murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou mean'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy :
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men ! 610

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence ;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry.

K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart
untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A Noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this? 620

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their Weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful
weapons drawn

Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men of
Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your
mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death. 631

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty—

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ; 644
Yet, notwithstanding such a straight edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd ;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal :
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ; 650
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my
lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign :
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an orator you are :
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador, 660
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Within. An answer from the king, or we will all
break in.

K. Henry. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me.
I thank

I thank them for their tender loving care :
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore—by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am—

670

He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.]

Q. Mar. Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

K. Henry. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk !

No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable :—
If, after three days space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with
me ;

680

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt all but SUFFOLK, and the Queen.]

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with
you !

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be play-fellows to keep you company !
There's two of you ; the devil make a third !
And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps !

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world ;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more :—Live thou to joy thy life ;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st. 750

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast ? what news, I
pry'thee ?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death :
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side ; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul ; 760
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit VAUX.]

Ay me ! what is this world ? what news are these ?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure ?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears ;
Theirs

with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.
—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-layer. [*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet— 190

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith: the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am. 201

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being so often burnt i'the hand for stealing of sheep.

[*Aside.*

Cade.

Cade. Be brave then ; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny : the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops ; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer : all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be)—— 217

All. God save your majesty !

Cade. I thank you, good people :—there shall be no money ; all shall eat and drink on my score ; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers. 224

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment ? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man ? Some say, the bee stings : but I say, 'tis the bee's wax ; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now ? who's there ?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham : he can write and read, and cast accompt. 233

Cade. O monstrous !

Smith. We took him setting of boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain !

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand. 240

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters; —'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man? 250

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[Exit one with the Clerk.]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces. 260

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade.

that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no? 322

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those, which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and childrens' sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors:— 330 And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, with their Train.*]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field. The Parties fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain. Re-enter CADE, and the Rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the Butcher of Ashford?

Dick.

Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths ?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king! 599

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-Hart, in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, 'till you had recover'd your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse 'light upon you all!

613

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas! he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us. 621
Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,

The

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern
better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. 699
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

A Garden in Kent. Enter JACK CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climb'd into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got. 770

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory;
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and
exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never
fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour.

[*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my
judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, 780
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Fields near St. Alban's. Enter YORK, attended, with
Drum and Colours.*

YORK, at a Distance from his Followers.

FROM Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To

To entertain great England's lawful king.

Ah, *sancta majestas* ! who would not buy thee dear ?

Let them obey, that know not how to rule ;

This hand was made to handle nought but gold :

I cannot give due action to my words,

Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.

A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul ;

10

On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here ? Buckingham, to disturb me ?

The king hath sent him, sure : I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace ;

Or why, thou—being a subject as I am—

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

20

Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court ?

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

Oh, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms ;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep and oxen could I spend my fury !

I am far better born than is the king ;

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts ;

But

Enter King HENRY, and Attendants.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm
to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost
bring ? 60

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence ;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Whom since I hear to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Henry. The head of Cade ?—Great God, how
just art thou !—

O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. 70
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him.

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd ? and what is thy
degree ?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name ;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves the king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Rise up
a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Henry. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with
the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
head,

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?— 90

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

L

And

And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place ; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor !—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown :
Obey, audacious traitor ; kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Wouldst have me kneel ? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.— 111

I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford ; bid him come
amain,

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge !
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail ; and bane to those 120
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD.

See, where they come ; I'll warrant, they'll make it
good.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their
bail.

Clif.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. We thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news
with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:— 130
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious
humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons
shall. 140

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

*Drums. Enter the Earls of WARWICK and SALIS-
BURY.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to
death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place. 150

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd :
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape !

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your-
selves. 160

K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to
bow ?—

Old Salisbury—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son !—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles ?—
Oh, where is faith ? oh, where is loyalty ?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth ?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood ? 170
Why art thou old, and want'st experience ?

Or

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. 180

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such
an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath? 190

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm
himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou
hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove
true.

War. You were best go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day ;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, 200
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm),
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear. 210

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell these traitors, and their 'complices.

R. Plan. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in
spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst
tell.

R. Plan. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Field of Battle at Saint Alban's. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And

And dead men's cries do fill the empty air— 220
 Clifford, I say, come forth, and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
 But match to match I have encounter'd him,
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other
 chace, 230
 For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
 fight'st.—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
 pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
 But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
 But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword, 240
 As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif.

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares ;
 No more will I their babes : tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire ;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims, 270
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity :
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did :
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house ;

[Taking up the Body.]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders :
 But then Æneas bare a living load, 280
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. *[Exit.]*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and SOMERSET, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lie thou there ;—

[SOMERSET is killed.]

For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
 The Castle in saint Alban's, Somerset
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
 Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. *[Exit.]*

Fight.

Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel, / Steevens, George,

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